

Our Fourfooted Friends and How We Treat Them

EDITED BY MRS. HUNTINGTON SMITH

Published Monthly

Publication Office, Rumford Building, Concord, New Hampshire

Editorial Office, 51 Carver Street, Boston, Massachusetts

ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE

Yearly Subscription: 75 Cents

To Foreign Countries: \$1.00

*Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Concord, New Hampshire, under the Act of March 3, 1879
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized April 27, 1922*

SEE — CHRISTMAS FOR HORSES — PAGE 8

CHRISTMAS NUMBER



CHRISTMAS FOR HORSES—READY FOR THE START.

He who serves well and speaks not, merits more
Than those who clamor loudest at the door,
Therefore the law decrees that, as this steed

Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed
To comfort his old age, and to provide
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside.

—LONGFELLOW.

HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL

Christmas in Sweden

They tell a lovely story in lands beyond the sea,
 How, when the King of Glory lay on his mother's
 knee,
 Before the prophet-princess came, bringing gifts
 in hand,
 The dumb beasts felt the miracle men could not
 understand!
 The gentle, patient donkey and the ox that trod
 the corn
 Knelt down beside the manger and knew that
 Christ was born.
 And so they say in Sweden, at twelve each
 Christmas night,
 The dumb beasts kneel to worship and see the
 Christmas light!
 This fancy makes men kinder to creatures
 needing care;
 They give them Christmas greeting and dainty
 Christmas fare;
 The cat and dog sup gayly, and a sheaf of golden
 corn
 Is raised above the roof-tree for the birds on
 Christmas morn!
 We do not live in Sweden, but we can feed the
 birds,
 And make dumb creatures happy by kindly deeds
 and words.
 No animal so humble, no creeping worm so small,
 But that the God who made us has made and
 loves them all!
 If we to them are cruel, like Christ we cannot be!
 And this shall be our lesson from our dear
 Christmas tree!—*Celia Thaxter.*

Over and over again,
 No matter which way I turn,
 I always find in the book of life
 Some lessons I have to learn.
 I must take my turn at the mill;
 I must grind out the golden grain;
 I must work at my task with a resolute will,
 Over and over again.—*Josephine Pollard.*



What Happened to Nellie

A CHRISTMAS STORY

It was midnight, but Mrs. Macey still sat by the side of her sick child. Sometimes Lucy seemed to fall asleep, and Mrs. Macey's tired face looked more hopeful, but in a few minutes the child would start up in bed, the feverish flush in her cheeks coming and going, and cry out, "Mamma, mamma, I am sure I heard Nellie barking at the door. Oh, please run quick and see if she's come back;" and Mrs. Macy would again go down the two flights of stairs to please the sick child, although she went without hope. "Tell me again, mamma. What did the boy look like that stole her?"

"My dear, I can't tell you anything more. He was about twelve, I should think, and he had on a good overcoat, and he snatched Nellie up just as she was coming after me around the corner, and then he ran so fast I could not follow him far, though I ran after him until I almost fainted."

"Oh, what a wicked, cruel boy he must be, mamma! What do you suppose he will do with her? Do you suppose he has sold her? Have you told the police?"

"I told our policeman, dear, and he will do all he can, but he says there are a good many dog thieves around the city. You must try to sleep, dear child. You can't get Nellie any quicker by worrying so."

"I can't help it, mamma. If I knew she was dead, if I could see her dead, I wouldn't feel so bad; but I know if she is alive she will miss me so, and she slept here on my bed every night, and—oh, I can't bear it!"

The fever was mounting higher, and Lucy's mother, alarmed at the child's condition, gave her a soothing medicine the doctor had left that day to be used only if necessary, and after a time she slept.

But Mrs. Macey could not sleep, tired though she was. Lucy, her only child, had been very sick. She was just getting better when her little dog, her companion for five years, had been stolen, and she was too weak to bear it.

Nellie had on a pretty collar marked with Mrs. Macey's address and a license number, so it was quite certain that the boy who took her meant to steal her. Mrs. Macey advertised the dog at once, hoping that the offer of a reward would tempt the boy, but she was too poor to offer much. She had not even five dollars at that time to spare, and she had been wondering how she could get Lucy any Christmas present this year, but Lucy loved the little dog so much her very life might depend upon finding her. The cruel things that were done to dogs and cats were constantly on Lucy's mind too, and she had rapidly grown worse since Nellie had been stolen.

Meanwhile what had happened to Nellie? The boy ran with her down an alley, through one or two other alleys and dark streets, and finally came to a door that he opened as if used to the house. He went up a narrow flight of stairs into a large, dark room, where there was a sound of dogs whining softly. Occasionally there was a bark, but this would be followed by a curse and a blow and a sharp yelp of pain, then silence.

A brutal-looking man came out of the darkness and turned up the gas. "What you got?" he asked the boy. The boy dragged the dog out from under his coat. The man gave the boy a rough push and then kicked at the trembling little dog.

"Don't be bringing mongrels here. If you haven't got better sense than that you keep clear of this place."

"Can't you give me anything for her?" asked the boy.

"Not a red cent; she isn't worth it. You carry her back and drop her where you got her. Now get out. You'll get me into trouble yet."

The boy turned sullenly away and went down

the stairs, carrying Nellie with him. When he got out on the sidewalk he looked up and down the street. No one was in sight, so he dragged the collar roughly over Nellie's head, kicking her when she yelped with pain. The dog, wild with terror, ran, and the boy, putting the collar in his pocket, strolled in the opposite direction.

Nellie started in the right direction for home, with that wonderful instinct that dogs and cats possess, and had it not been for another misfortune she might have reached home that night and this story not been written, but as she ran a rough crowd of boys met her. One of them had a bulldog with him, which he promptly set on Nellie. Frightened almost to madness by the hooting of the boys and by the big dog at her heels, Nellie ran for her very life. As she ran one or two stones hit her, but on she went, like the wind, while the boys, seeing a policeman ahead, called their dog and ran down a dark street.

Breathless and nearly dead, poor Nellie found refuge under the broken doorsteps of an old wooden house in an alleyway and dropped like a dead creature down on the ground well out of sight.

The wretched little creature lay there all night. When morning came she tried to crawl out for a drink of water, for her mouth was dry and parched, but it hurt her so when she attempted to stand up that she fell back again, whimpering and gasping with pain. Afternoon came and another night. The cold wind whistled under the broken doorstep, and Nellie shook like a leaf. Once more she attempted to crawl out and try to find her way home. Her leg was stiff and sore, and she could not stand on it, but hunger and thirst and a great longing for home gave her strength, and she limped slowly and painfully along the sidewalk, often stopping to rest and to think which way to turn to find her loving mistress.

It was early in the morning when Nellie saw some boys coming, and fright seized her again. What would they do to her? But this time she had found friends. A boy of fourteen and another younger boy hurried toward her. She tried to run, but in a few minutes one of the boys had her in his arms. She snapped at him at first,

for this was her only way of defence, but he was not afraid, and he stroked her gently and spoke to her. "Poor little thing!" he said. "You look as if you'd had a hard time."

"What will you do with her? Carry her home?" asked his companion.

"I can't. Mother told me never to bring another dog in the house. She'd turn it out, I'm afraid. Can't you take her home?"

"Mother wouldn't let me keep her, I know," said the other.

"What have you got, boys?" asked a pleasant-looking woman who was passing by.

"A little dog. It's hurt, and we don't know what to do with it," they answered.

"Well, I'll tell you. You carry it to 51 Carver Street to the Animal Rescue League. They take in all the homeless dogs and cats. Here, I'll pay your fares," and she handed the boys each ten cents, then told them what car to take to go to the place.

Half an hour later the two boys were carrying Nellie through the yard into the warm kennels, where the dogs of the League had just finished their breakfast.

A man in attendance took the little dog in his arms and put her carefully down on the floor and gave her a dish of water and another little pan of cooked meat with bread.

Poor little Nellie was too frightened at first to eat, but she drank the water as if she were nearly choked with thirst, as indeed she was. The man left her to herself, and after a while she got courage to eat the food he left for her. A little later two workers at the League came to the room and lifted her up and examined her.

"I think she is the dog that was advertised, the dog belonging to the sick child. See the white spot on her breast?" said one.

"I wouldn't wonder," answered the other.

"We will send some one to the address this morning. If this is the dog advertised for, the sick child ought to have her as soon as possible."

It was Saturday morning and the day before Christmas. Lucy's mother had long been planning a surprise for her daughter. She had been saving up money to buy her a large doll and a game of picture cards to make her days of confinement to the house less wearisome; but now

this had to be given up. The advertising had taken half the money, and the rest might yet be claimed for a reward. "Oh, if Nellie could only be returned," thought Mrs. Macey, "Lucy would not care for any other Christmas gift."

The child lay back on the pillow very white. She had no interest in anything, and her mother was in despair. Mrs. Macey took in sewing to support herself and her child, but that morning she had no heart to sew. Some one was heard coming up the second flight of stairs, and then there was a knock at the door. Mrs. Macey opened the door, and a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked boy stood there. She took him in her little sewing room and closed the door leading into the room where Lucy was.

"Did you advertise for a little dog?" asked the boy.

"Yes; have you got her?" asked Mrs. Macey breathlessly.

"We think so, but you will have to go to the Animal Rescue League and see if it's the one. Those little yellow dogs look a good deal alike, you know. I am the office boy at the League. Can you go with me now?"

"Yes, I'll go right away." Mrs. Macey went back to Lucy and said, "I shall have to go out for a little while, dear, and I'll ask Mrs. Grant to look in on you."

"Don't get me anything for Christmas, mamma. I couldn't bear it," Lucy said, the tears coming into her eyes.

"All right, dear; I'll be back soon." Then Mrs. Macey and the boy went away.

Of course we know it was Nellie, but no one not seeing could know the joy of the meeting. Mrs. Macey laughed and cried, and Nellie almost forgot her lame paw as she tried to jump up to reach Mrs. Macey's face. When they had left the kennel and were back in the office a few questions brought out the whole story.

"Wait just a few moments," the matron said. "No, we sha'n't take any reward, but I want to speak to the president." Mrs. Macey begrudged every moment that kept Nellie from Lucy, but she was so grateful she waited, and very soon the matron appeared again and put a large box into her hand. "Don't open that until evening. It is for Christmas."

It is useless to describe Lucy's joy when her mother came in and put Nellie in her old place on the bed by the child. In the evening, when Lucy was quietly sleeping, Nellie's little yellow head resting on her arm, Mrs. Macey thought of the box. She longed to give Lucy something for Christmas, but she was determined to reward the boy, whose address she had taken, and she had no money to spare.

"I may look in the box now, I think, as it is Christmas Eve," she said to herself; then she opened it.

There lay a pretty doll, all dressed. There were two cheerful games, a story book, a small box of candy, a little cape to throw over Lucy's shoulders when she sat up and a smaller box marked for Mrs. Macey, which contained two handkerchiefs, a pair of warm gloves and a necktie. Such a Christmas she had never imagined. Then there was a little note inviting her to a Christmas supper at the League the Wednesday after Christmas and telling her that all these good things were sent by kind friends of the League who wanted the home for the dogs and cats to be a joy and a blessing to every living creature.—A. H. S.

The Influence of Pets

Whoever has not felt the affection of a dog has missed the frankest flattery in human experience. On the contrary, the cat keeps us in our place by mixing her demands for tribute with supreme disdain. We like them both; they add to the richness of life. Any animal pet helps develop our character.

The childhood that has been devoid of pets has been cheated of what is almost a birthright. Horses or donkeys, or goats or geese, or marmosets or horned toads, they all help. Any one is better than none at all. Your goldfish doesn't have to sing to be interesting, and the raggedest mutt that ever left muddy tracks on a counterpane may be as lovable as the most highly trained poodle.—Edward J. Gilbert (*Author of Man's Best Friend*).

The happiest Christmas is not the one where we are seeking all we can for ourselves, but where we try to make others happy.—A. H. S.



The Conversion of a Cat

"Hubby" and I decided one day last winter that home without a cat wasn't home at all. We'd both been ill and when we were getting better, but shut in more or less, we began to feel the great big hole the loss of our two dearly beloved cats, Blackie and Grey, left behind when they passed on a few years ago. We felt that never again could we care for another pet, so we vowed we should never again take a cat into our home, or to our hearts. But—and there always seem to be "ifs" and "buts" to overcome—one day our doctor dropped in to look us over. He saw that I seemed morbid and rather introspective. He thought for a while, and I wondered what remedy he was going to suggest to me, and after a little he said, "Mrs. Davis, what you need is a pet to fuss over and to divert you. Get a dog and a cat, or two dogs and two cats, but do have a pet again."

His very suggestion acted like a tonic and an inspiration. I found that I just needed a little encouragement from outside to make me weaken and break my vow. Oh joy! To possess a little soft, purry kitten once more! Then my "hubby" must be consulted and I feared he would bring

arguments to bear against what we both had decided would be a foolish step. I knew he feared another pet would mean another hard experience, but, instead, I found that he, too, was just waiting for some good reason to convince us both that a cat was a necessary adjunct to the joy of living.

Many kind friends were ready to come to the rescue, and I might have been the proud possessor of several "prize winners," but what I wanted was a poor little vagrant that had no one to sponsor it and needed a good home, kind friends and lots of love. I knew at once that the Animal Rescue League would have plenty and to spare of this type of kitty, so I at once made my wants known to that humane and wonderful society and after a few weeks our present incumbent, Mittsie, blew in upon us one snappy night in March, just one year ago. I shall never forget my intense excitement and eagerness as our door bell rang that night and Miss Barr of your society walked in, all smiles, carrying a rather small bag in her hand which she placed in a chair as she sat down, but no cat appeared! Great was my disappointment, but while we were talking Miss Barr reached for her bag, opened it, and, miracle of miracles, out popped Mittsie's beautiful little head and his bright eyes staring, and finally Mittsie, all of him, jumped out. What a little beauty he was! To see him was to adore him.

But—he was only with us one night when our trials began. "Hubby" said when he first saw Mittsie, "How lucky we are to possess such a little beauty." For weeks it was a problem to know how to deal with this "new-found joy," whether to return him to the League and live in peace and quiet again or keep him and be miserable. He showed us all his bad qualities first (very likely this was his plan) so that we would know him at his worst. He showed a very decided propensity for biting us. He not only would bite our ankles, as do playful kittens, but he would actually, and without provocation, suddenly dart at us with an angry look in his eyes, then make a sudden lunge at our arms, shoulders, or even our faces, ready to bite. In fact, he made several small red dents on my arm and hands with his sharp little teeth. He

really frightened us, for without any warning these spells seemed to possess him. At first we laid his vicious habit to his youthfulness, but when he growled at us before he made a dart at us, we decided that he had a bad, vicious nature and that we were really courting trouble to keep him.

While one day we would decide to return him to the League, on the next we would relent, for he would show a more gentle side of his nature, and we did pity the little fellow, so we would decide to give him one more chance. Well, after much discouragement—what with his biting proclivities, and stealing, and being a very naughty cat generally—we found, by slow degrees, to our great gratification, an almost impossible and unmanageable Mittsie yielding to our kind treatment! We met his attacks of biting with gentle admonitions. We stroked him and just let him go to it for a while. After a bit he did not seem to take as keen a pleasure in venting his pent-up wrath upon his two devoted friends. We decided that he needed to be rescued from himself, and I was bound to reform that incorrigible little Mittsie, or otherwise there would be no use in my being connected with, or interested in, your admirable institution.

A year has passed. Mittsie Davis has developed into a large, handsome, sleek-looking cat, admired by all who see him. "The first good looking cat you ever had, Mrs. Davis," quoth our doctor when he first saw him. Not only is he good to look at, but he is no longer the little "rough-neck" who, very likely, had to put up a brave fight for his rights all through those earlier stages in his short life. He has now developed into a dear, gentle, affectionate kitty, who responds in many ways to our expressions of affection.

He never purred when he first came to us, but now a gentle stroke, a soft, caressing word, a crust of dry bread (his favorite tid-bit), bring forth very distinct and prolonged purrings. He has wholly abandoned the biting habit, for he seems to have found out that such performances are absolutely uncalled for; in fact, he seems to have lost the art entirely. Instead he has learned many new things and exercises his mental powers to such an extent that he quite

surprises us with his great intelligence and originality.

He expresses his likes and dislikes most decidedly where his food is in question and I am convinced that his forebears lived in a bake shop, for his great love for bread, dry crusts, and anything composed of flour, is very marked. I rarely indulge him in this eccentricity, but substitute whole wheat bread and triscuit, which he adores. When we are at meals, and after he has had his, it is customary for him to stand beside either "Hubby" or me with one little paw gracefully raised in the air, watching our faces to see if his graceful performance will soften our hearts (he is a great beggar). So many times have we exclaimed in admiration at this graceful act that we believe he understands and so he alternates by first standing with one paw upraised and extended and then the other. Of course this never fails to bring down the house.

Another fetching performance of our Mittsie is opening the door of a small cupboard which contains his newspaper table cloths. When he wants his meals he goes to the cupboard, turns the button, or swivel, that fastens the door, with one paw, while with the other he grasps the knob, pulls it, and so opens the door. There he stands until I set his table on the kitchen hearth.

Mittsie is also very considerate of his master and missus, for he keeps very quiet all through the night and not until the man comes to tend the furnace, at six in the morning, does he let himself be heard. As I rise at the same hour, I hear little Mittsie's plaintive cry at my door and as I emerge he greets me so affectionately, rubbing his little head all over me and seeming so glad to see me. Then he leads me to master's door. He loves to get up on his bed and then creep down under the blankets and snuggle up to him for a spell, but he is on hand to precede me down stairs to the front door for his morning constitutional.

For a cat, he has very decided opinions about everything, and he expresses wishes in a language that we understand as readily as the spoken word.

I could continue indefinitely to tell of his clever and attractive ways, but what I wish to emphasize most is the remarkable conversion

from a vicious, stand-offish, wild kitten to a gentle, lovable, family cat.

We are very grateful to the Animal Rescue League for rescuing two human beings from the "Slough of Despair" as well as rescuing our little Mittsie and placing him in a good home.—

Helen O. Davis.



Why the Fourfooted Animals?

I am making my usual annual appeal for the Animal Rescue League, in spite of the fact that an unusual number of drives are going on for many charities for mankind. All are sensitive to suffering—all need help, apparently at this particular time, but there is enough for all.

There are over 300 societies in Massachusetts for the aid of children. There are less than 12 for the lower animals—therefore I venture to present my claim. If I could bring before you the many very sad cases of suffering of all the lower animals which we are really bound in common duty to look after, I am sure everybody would be glad to send us at least a dollar. We can use greatly to the advantage of man as well as beast every dollar we receive.

Through the suffering of our fourfooted friends we are often able to help the owners who also are suffering.

If persons who are interested in horses, dogs, cats, birds, would take a little time some day and visit us at 51 Carver Street, corner of Stuart, almost on Park Square, I am sure it would be a

great surprise to them to see and hear what the Animal Rescue League is doing at Carver Street, Lynn, Medfield, all its Rescuing Stations, and down on the Cape.—A. H. S.

Christmas for Horses

The Horses' Christmas, which the Animal Rescue League celebrates every year, will be carried out as usual December 24 and 25. The League was organized in 1899. It began almost at once its work for horses by making an appeal in 1902 for a Home of Rest for Horses, though the Home in Dedham was not purchased until 1906. In 1913 we began a special Christmas work for horses. At that time nothing was being done for horses on Christmas in any general way. Every year since then we have sent out our men and ambulances loaded with bags of feed to stables where there are horses used by men who are not able to feed them sufficiently.

This year we again ask your sympathy and your help in the work. Our men visited last year over 200 stables in Boston and in adjoining towns and cities and fed 2,080 horses, also purchased fifteen horses found in the stables unfit for further service yet still in harness.

Our work begins the day before Christmas and keeps up until Christmas afternoon. The men work several days before Christmas filling the bags with an appetizing mixture of grain, chopped apples, and carrots. We have found this the most practical way of celebrating the Christmas for Horses. We hope to get enough money this year to buy a dozen or more blankets for horses that our agents find not properly covered.

We are always studying how to make our work more effective. Last year we found a picture of St. Anthony blessing the animals, and we had 4,000 cards printed in English, Greek, Italian, and Yiddish, giving simple directions for the care of horses. Our agents who gave them out with the Christmas dinners for the horses told us that the men were much pleased with them, and after Christmas other men who did not get them at that time sent to the League for them.

We should be glad to receive money now or at any time before Christmas for this work in



the stables. All that is left after paying the expenses of the Christmas work will be put into our Horse Rescue Fund and used during the year to purchase old, worn-out horses that are still being forced to work or put up for sale. We purchased 805 last year.

If you have not already done so, will you not help us? Checks should be made payable to the Animal Rescue League and sent to 51 Carver Street, Boston, Mass. They will receive prompt and grateful acknowledgment.—*Anna Harris Smith, President (Mrs. Huntington Smith).*

Executive Committee: Mrs. Huntington Smith, President; Mrs. Arthur T. Cabot, Secretary; Miss Elizabeth W. Storer, Director; Frederick J. Bradlee, Treasurer; Gerald G. E. Street, Director.

To those individuals who think it is kinder to sell an old horse than to have him mercifully killed, we recommend the following, taken from the *Boston Transcript*:

EUTHANASIA.

I gave you what myself I would desire,
Dumb faithful friend!
Unto a life that had begun to tire,
A kindly end.
When joy was gone alike from work and play
Sound rest was yours,
Without the long slow torture of decay
That man endures.

When I begin to find the world grow dim
And chill the sun,
When weariness is lord of brain and limb
And work is done,
When dead leaves clog the only path I see
To journey through,
May God as mercifully deal with me
As I with you!

—*Amelia Josephine Burr.*



MISS STARBUCK'S BILLY, WHO LIKES TO LIE IN THE SUN IN THE LEAGUE GARDEN AND WATCH THE TURTLES, WHO LIVE IN THE BIRD POOL, WHEN THEY COME OUT OF THE WATER TO SUN THEMSELVES.

LEAGUE NEWS AND NOTES

During the month of November the League received 3,593 cats, 1,084 dogs and 105 horses. We placed 85 dogs and 87 cats in good homes.

Our emergency agent, Mr. Caverly, is kept very busy, and I am trying to publish every month some of his reports in order that our members may have an idea of what we have to do.

We had more than one complaint of two dogs that belonged to a woman in the city. According to the neighbors, they were neglected and suffering. Recently she went away and left them, asking a neighbor to care for them, saying she would soon return, but as she did not do so, the dogs have been brought to the League where they are now picking up in flesh and in spirits.

A complaint was made that a dog was kept tied in a back yard with a very short rope, so that he could not lie down, or even move with any comfort. Our agent investigated and found that conditions were as stated. The owner was convinced of the cruelty of keeping a dog tied in this fashion and promised to see that he had plenty of exercise and was tied to a long rope when it was

necessary to keep him restrained. Our agent will follow up the case to see that the owner keeps his promise.

Through our agent's efforts, a cat was released from a store where it had not been fed for several days. It is now being taken care of by good friends of the man who owned it.

Half starved kittens kept in a cellar were taken from the owner by our agent.

The Animal Rescue League has just received a very instructive and interesting leaflet from the Family Welfare Society. We quote the following from it:

"The Family Welfare Society is now giving Boston its 48th year of *service!* What are its plans for the year? Our contributors are paying the bills and ought to know what returns the Society hopes to give them on their investments, hence this tiny folder which we purpose to publish each week to inform contributors of the activities of the Society. We plan to send no separate notices of annual or public meetings, or benefits, nor to publish a separate annual report—all these will be incorporated in this weekly.

"We really want you to know what the Family Welfare Society stands for and what it is trying to accomplish in Boston, but to give you an understanding picture of this is peculiarly difficult since its work is so intangible—one can hardly show you a picture of the Family Welfare Worker relieving the wounds inflicted by failure, loneliness, illness, or old age. So we are suggesting that our readers help us give them the facts that interest them by writing us frankly of any of their misgivings about the Family Welfare Society or criticisms they have heard that they find difficult to answer. . . .

"The Family Welfare Society is a truly educational institution and is always striving to make its clients better fitted to carry on their lives. To enable its workers to know better how to help others, and to instruct the public and various students of social work in methods of dealing with family problems and give them actual experience in so doing, the Society conducts various classes and groups throughout the year."

The American Humane Association has gotten out, for Christmas distribution, a booklet called "Cloister Chords," written by Sister M. Fides Shepperson, Ph.D., which will sell for 10 cents a copy or thirteen copies for a dollar. Sister Shepperson has from time to time written excellent articles for the *American Humane Review*, and many of you may be familiar with her splendid work. Following is one of the paragraphs from "Cloister Chords," which is certainly worthy of wide quotation:

"Christian kindness embraces the whole sweep of Creation, from the worm at our feet even to the unknown highest of the creatures of the living God. For all are His; and He hates none of the things which He has made, and He made them all, loving them. Only that kindness rings true, with the truth of the eternal years, which sounds all the chords of life—human and sub-human; which opens its mouth for the dumb; which speaks helpfully and hopefully to every human brother on the way; which leads confidently unto the everlastingly compassionate God—of whom all human kindness is but a scintillant emanation."

BRANCH WORK

Margaret C. Starbuck

During the month the following animals have been received:

Industrial School, North Bennet Street . . .	62
Neighborhood House, 79 Moore Street, Cambridge	45
Roxbury Station, 17 Lambert Avenue . . .	119
Work Horse Relief Station, 109 Northampton Street	103
East Boston, 341 Meridian Street	174
Sheldon Branch, West Lynn, Neptune Street	627
Pine Ridge, Dedham	42
Medfield	14
Chelsea, 36 Fourth Street	792

1,978

The following cases are given to show our readers what need there is of work on the Cape. We should be very glad if some of the residents of the Cape, or those who visit there in the summer, would help us financially, as it is rather hard for us to cover as much ground as we are doing in Massachusetts. With our very busy headquarters and nine Branches and Receiving Stations, we are heavily burdened with work.

One cow and three calves had been kept all the fall in a field, even in the coldest and stormiest weather. Mr. Irwin spoke to the owner and he has fixed a place where they can be kept under cover.

Two horses were taken from work on account of their having very bad sores on their backs and shoulders. They had been kept in an open shed all summer and poorly fed. Mr. Irwin will see that the sores are healed before the horses are put in harness again.

One horse was found, very old and lame, and with a bad spavin. He was put to death.

Two dogs were found tied in a shed, apparently starving. The neighbors reported that they were not taken care of. Mr. Irwin talked with the owner and finally put the dogs to death.

In another place he visited three cats were put to death, and a horse taken from work until a sore back is healed.

On another farm were four pigs kept in a very wet cellar under the barn, where water was dripping on them all the time. They were taken from their owner and sold to a butcher. In this place a dog was put to death.

November 4, 1927.

Dear Doctor: Your very kind and thoughtful letter of October 24, 1927, relative to the passing away of our old gray horse received. He was a kind, faithful old animal, and had done his work well. It is gratifying to know that there is such an institution as the Animal Rescue League. This Board is thankful beyond measure to know

that this old horse enjoyed his last days in peaceful rest and quiet, due to the congenial quarters provided. One cannot help but admire your thoroughness in giving us information as to the disease he contracted and your assurance that everything was done for his comfort. Again let us say we are deeply grateful and hope at some future time to show our appreciation in a substantial way. Yours truly,—*M. D., Agent of Board of Health.*



DR. YOUNG'S ASSISTANT AT MEDFIELD WITH STRAY DOG.

FREE CLINIC
DR. WESLEY A. YOUNG

Clinic Report for October, 1927

Cases treated 765
Owners advised by telephone 604

INTERESTING CASES

A man rescued a homeless dog at the beach. This dog was walking on three legs, and the man failed to have it examined for six weeks, at which time it proved to be a fracture and of course had not healed. It was necessary to destroy the dog. Now this man started out well to take a stray,

lame dog from the beach, but his neglect in caring for the lameness is inexcusable.

Many persons come to the Clinic each month with pets recently purchased from some unreliable dealer. The pet is sick, and was sick at the time of purchase, but the average buyers of pets are not able to detect the first symptoms of disease, consequently they buy a sick animal and a bill of expense. Only buy pets subject to a health examination.

A police officer brought in a valuable toy dog that he had taken away from a drunken man who was trying to sell it. It was later proven that this man did not own the dog, and we placed it in a good home.

A juvenile court officer picked up a homeless, runaway boy and dog. The court cared for the boy and the League cared for his dog until he was placed in his home again.

I have been asked by a number of persons interested in animal welfare to give some advice about a diseased condition quite prevalent among cats, often referred to as "cat typhoid." I am only sorry that up to the present time the prevention and treatment of this condition is rather unsatisfactory. It is fatal in many cases in spite of diligent care and treatment.

This condition is usually recognized by severe vomiting, extreme weakness, loss of appetite, and usually death in from two days to one week. There is often a dysentery present. Very often the cat will approach a dish of food or basin of water, only to sit and drop the head over the dish or basin. It appears contagious in many cases, while in others exposed cats remain healthy. Nevertheless it is advisable to keep your healthy cats separate from the sick ones.

"Cat typhoid" as a disease should not be confused with ordinary cases of gastritis and indigestion, both of which are usually accompanied by severe vomiting. Gastritis and indigestion are ordinarily the result of eating improper food or irritating substances, such as bugs, moths, water-bug powder and decomposing or mouldy food. Many a cat has become seriously

ill from the odors of fresh paint. Do not permit your cat to remain in a room or house where painting is being done, as the turpentine in the paint is very toxic to most cats.

Treatment must be started early for these stomach conditions, and as yet we have no specific treatment.

Astonishing!

It has been generally understood that the "movies" do not need advertising, but from something I have just heard I would think that one movie, at any rate, is at its wit's end to fill its house.

A manager, or owner, of a moving picture house advertised that to any child bringing a cat to show him at his office he would give a free ticket for the show the following week. This man was offering a premium for cruelty, though he did not realize the possibilities of cruelty to the cats and to cat owners until our agent went to see him.

When our agent reminded him that the cat, being a very nervous and timid animal, would probably escape when carried through the streets, that children who owned no cat would very likely steal their neighbor's cat (borrow it, the child would say), that borrowed or stolen cats would, of course, be dropped somewhere on the way back from the theatre and suffer, no one knows how much, the man reluctantly gave up his unique, cruel, and utterly ridiculous plan for advertising.

The Chief of Police, when called upon by our agent, co-operated very gladly in stopping this crime against the cats and against the community.

We had a very sad case brought in recently of a dog hardly able to walk, hanging her head as if she had been so abused she did not dare to sit up and look at anyone. A humane person bought her at a wayside kennel. We wish people would beware of such kennels.—A. H.S.

We are very glad to hear the good news about the New Bedford Animal Rescue League. Thanks to the bequest of the late Susan B. Kempton,

they are able to purchase a ten-acre farm and have a Home of Rest for Horses, which also includes an Animal Cemetery. The property will be known as the "Susan B. Kempton Memorial." The New Bedford Receiving Station of the League, on Hillman Street, will be operated as usual, Mrs. W. P. Covell, the president, having announced that the new property will simply make possible an extension of the League's work which has been long desired. This new property is only five miles from New Bedford. The buildings include a substantial dwelling formerly known as the Captain Philip Omeys estate. We congratulate the New Bedford League on its increased usefulness and prosperity.

We should have before this congratulated the Fall River Animal Rescue League also on the generous provisions made for its welfare by two sisters, Emma and Lizzie Borden of Fall River. With this increase of funds Miss Helen Leighton, who ever since the formation of the League has been its capable president, will be able to carry out plans that hitherto she has been prevented from realizing.

Both these Animal Rescue Leagues, New Bedford and Fall River, have been doing most excellent work ever since they were formed, which has been a great pleasure to the President of the Boston League, who has had a special interest in them, having had a hand in their organization.

One of our members in Springfield writes to us, in response to a letter asking if she was safe from the flood, that although the electric light and telephone service had been badly out of commission and the cellars all around were full of water, she, herself, was not troubled. She also sends the pleasing report that Mr. Pearson, the S. P. C. A. agent, had done fine work for the animals, having rescued horses and dogs and carried food to cats whose owners had left them in the houses.

I think we can find no one who likes to endure pain. We hope that the time will come when every one will learn the duty of trying to prevent pain and suffering in every creature that lives.

—A. H. S.



ONE OF THE BEAUTY SPOTS IN PINE RIDGE CEMETERY.

ORANGE, N. J., Oct. 31, 1927.

I want to tell you of my pet Cat (always a capital C for a Cat!), Grey Waif. Two years ago, in the early summer, a beautiful pure Maltese Cat about five months old came to my door mewling pitifully. He was hungry, but cared more for petting than food. As I had two cats I felt that I must find a home for the little stranger, who was evidently a deserted pet.

A good home was found in Newark, but when my cook went in a week or so to see his new owners she found poor kitty pining. They had done all they could, but he wouldn't eat and was lonely, so she brought him home. He was delighted to see his friends the cats, and to get back to the quiet of the garden and his other friends. The doctor told me he would have pined to death, he was so homesick. He is not only a perfect beauty, gentle and affectionate, but the most altruistic little pet that ever lived. Everything that he gets he gives to my cook or waitress or another Cat! One evening I saw something white moving swiftly over the library floor! It was my little white shawl which he carried up the front stairs and down the back

and presented to the cook! He stole my bag and gave it to her! He jumped the fence and went to a neighbor's and, returning, brought the cook a piece of breaded veal cutlet, and other times he gave her a bit of mutton and a crust of bread. He brought her an enormous beetle.

One day he caught a field mouse and gave it to one of the other cats, from whom it was rescued by the waitress. Grey Waif often sleeps on the bed of my waitress, and sometimes gets up early and goes to the kitchen. One early morning he brought her a piece of liver, another morning a mutton chop bone! But his funniest feat was done about 5.30 one morning. He got off the bed and went to the dining room, jumped on the table and took a soda biscuit out of a dish. He carried it up to the bed, broke it in half, gave one half to the waitress and took the other half onto the floor and ate it. He did the same thing again in two days!

He is a most unselfish little soul! Don't you think he is a remarkable little fellow?—Mrs.

James O. Watson.

My dear Mrs. Smith: Your kind letter of the 19th instant received and I assure you that I greatly appreciate your comments and suggestions.

The name Toronto was overlooked by the lithographers as according to the rules and regulations of the postal department every magazine must bear the name of the place where it is published in a conspicuous place on the front cover. . . .

Personally, I am giving more time and attention to humane education, as this subject has never been taught in any of our public schools until last year, when we were successful in forming Junior Humane Societies in each of the public schools in Hamilton and only last month we received permission from the Toronto School Board to do likewise, and I am working on a leaflet entitled "Humane Education" which will be sent to the 15,000 teachers in the Province. My firm belief is that once the boy or girl is taught to show kindness and mercy to animals that the teaching will extend to include humans and I further believe the percentage of delinquents will be exceedingly small.

With all good wishes to the members of your staff and trusting that you are feeling yourself again, I am, faithfully yours—*J. M. Wilson, Managing Director.*

EVERETT, MASS.

In answer to your request regarding dog No. 7265 I took June 25, he is fine; just as wise as an old man—he knows every word you say to him. We call him Gypsy because when he came to us first, he did nothing but whine to get out of doors. He goes away every Sunday in the auto with the family and he sits and looks out of the window. He looks like a million dollars. He's small, but a good watch dog. Up go his ears when he hears a step outside the door and if no one says anything away he starts barking and growling. We wouldn't part with him for anything.—*Mrs. M. E. B.*

Appearing as though he had traveled to San Francisco and back, Banjo, once the leader of the Rowe's Wharf cats, reappeared recently at his old home in the baggage room of the Nantasket Steamboat Company after more than a year's absence.

Banjo limped in and collapsed and employees hastened to get him food. So sore were his feet from the trip, which lasted a year, that he could hardly stand.

The last seen of Banjo was in August last year, when he climbed aboard a truck that was loading merchandise for Providence. He dozed off on top of the load and the truck pulled out with Banjo still asleep.

Employees of the company were heartbroken at the loss of their pet and predicted that he would return, but after a week passed they gave up hope. When he showed up he disrupted service for a time while the entire personnel of the company tried to help feed him.

No chances will be taken with him in the future, they say. When he regains his strength he will be given a place as a member of the crew of the *Mayflower*.—*Boston Post.*

St. Joe, Ark., March 12.—Fred Byrd, a farmer, living near here on the north bank of the Buffalo River feared the recent high water would reach his home, and in the transfer of his be-

longings to safety took his old cat and its four kittens to the home of his brother, about three miles away.

The second morning after the transfer, the tabby appeared at the old home, dripping but triumphant, carrying a kitten in its mouth. Each night it disappeared and each morning it returned, wet, with but a blinking kitten, until the family was reunited in the box behind the kitchen stove.

Mr. Irwin writes that he has been looking up during the last month some of the "awful places" where animals are kept. These places he thinks should be looked after before snow comes. He has also been looking up some of these very cruel traps that are set and rescued one dog that was suffering terribly and was too badly injured to recover. We need more money for this work on the Cape.



THIS IS OFTEN THE FATE OF THE OLD FAMILY HORSE. WITH THE MONEY IN THE HORSE RESCUE FUND THE LEAGUE AGENT RESCUES MANY SUCH FROM THE AUCTION ROOMS AND SALES STABLES.

DO NOT FORGET OUR HORSES' CHRISTMAS;
WE WANT TO FILL OVER 2,500 BAGS OF
FEED FOR THE HORSES THAT
NEED IT.

HARDWARE PAINTS

HIGH GRADE TOOLS : FINE CUTLERY
M. P. WHITE, 23 Eliot Street, Boston, Mass.



They sit up and take notice when fed on
Old Grist Mill Dog Bread
IT IS BETTER THAN BEEF

Condition always good when
 fed on this bread.

Telephone Your Dealer

Potter & Wrightington, Boston

Cemetery for Small Animals

at Pine Ridge, Dedham, Mass., under the management of the Animal Rescue League. The charge for privilege of burial in individual lots is from \$20 up, according to location.

CREMATION

The League now has a crematory where small animals can be cremated. The ashes are delivered to owners or buried at Pine Ridge. The charge for each cremation is \$6. Arrangements for burials or cremations must be made at the headquarters of the Animal Rescue League, 51 Carver Street, Boston. Telephone Hancock 9170.

DOGS AND CATS BOARDED

Mrs. Nicholas Browne, Jr.

CROFT REGIS (Formerly The Park Pollard
 Experimental Farm)

Washington and Gay Streets, Islington

Cars Pass Door

Tel. Dedham 403-W

P. O. Address, Box 93, Dedham, Mass.

FREE CLINIC FOR ALL ANIMALS

W. A. YOUNG, D. V. M.

ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE

51 CARVER Telephone

Office Hours:

STREET Hancock 9170 9:30 a. m. to 5:30 p. m., daily

3 p. m. to 5 p. m., Sundays and holidays.



SPRATT'S
Dog Appliances

The happiness of your dog depends to a great extent on those little extras—collars, brushes, leads, etc. Dog owners today are far more thoughtful of the well-being of their canine friends than they were in days gone by. The humane appliances introduced from time to time by Spratts' have had a strong appeal—today every appliance made by Spratts' is definitely a help to greater comfort and happiness of the dog and increased pleasure from his companionship for his owner.

Write today for Spratts' Catalogue, in it you will find many appliances, some of which your dog needs.

Spratt's Patent (America) Limited
 Appliance Dept.

Market and Congress Sts. Newark, N. J.



SIXTY-THIRD YEAR

J. S. WATERMAN & SONS, INC.
UNDERTAKERS

2326 and 2328 Washington St., adjoining Dudley Street
 Elevated Station.

Funeral, Cemetery, Cremation and Transfer Arrangements.
 Chapel. Extensive salesrooms. City and Out-of-Town
 Service. Carriage and Motor Equipment.



Dr. A. C. Daniels' Medicines

will help you to care for your pets at home. A book on the Dog, Cat, or Horse will be mailed you free if you mention this book. These books give symptoms of all ordinary ills and tell

you what to do—they tell you lots of things you should know.

Dr. A. C. Daniels, Inc., 172 Milk St., Boston, Mass.



The Automatic Electric Cage

*The Standard Scientific Method for the Humane,
 Painless and Sanitary Destruction of Animals*

Commended by the highest authorities. Now used by over fifty leading humane societies in this and foreign countries.

For full particulars address

The Animal Rescue League

15 Carver Street

Boston, Mass.

The Animal Rescue League

Organized February 9, 1899

[A wholly independent organization, having no connection with any other humane society in Massachusetts]

Incorporated March 13, 1899

Administration Building Includes Kennels, Infirmary, Receiving Station for Small Animals and Educational Dep't.

51 CARVER STREET, BOSTON

MRS. HUNTINGTON SMITH, *President*

MRS. ARTHUR T. CABOT, *Secretary*

MR. FREDERICK J. BRADLEE, *Treasurer*

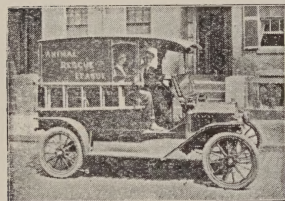
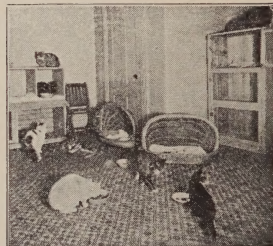
WORK OF THE YEAR 1926

We received and cared for:

Cats	69,066
Dogs	15,021
Horses	805
Birds	829
Miscellaneous small animals	16
	85,737

Number of horses given vacations 18

Copies of humane literature distributed 87,689



A Free Clinic for Animals

has been maintained for 28 years

DR. W. A. YOUNG, *Veterinarian*

SEVEN MOTOR COLLECTING VANS AND NINE AGENTS

are at work every week day collecting animals

Branch Receiving Stations

ROXBURY	17 LAMBERT AVENUE
NORTH END, INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL	39 NORTH BENNET STREET
SOUTH END	109 NORTHAMPTON STREET
CAMBRIDGE, NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE	79 MOORE STREET
DEDHAM	PINE RIDGE HOME OF REST FOR HORSES
MEDFIELD	BARTLETT-ANGELL HOME FOR ANIMALS
EAST BOSTON	341a MERIDIAN STREET
WEST LYNN	4 NEPTUNE STREET
CHELSEA	36 FOURTH STREET



PINE RIDGE COUNTRY ANNEX AND HOME OF REST FOR HORSES

238 Pine Street, Dedham



A farm of twenty-one acres, where horses belonging to owners who cannot afford to pay for board and care, are given vacations of from two to six weeks and restored to condition for work, or humanely killed, also a few boarders received.

PINE RIDGE CEMETERY FOR SMALL ANIMALS

238 Pine Street, Dedham

Arrangements made for burials at 51 Carver Street



For maintaining this work which is constantly increasing, and extends over a wide area into suburban towns and cities, the League, knowing it is a great public benefit from a sanitary as well as humane point of view, appeals for gifts, bequests and members, which are greatly needed.